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Carton de Sâtyr M. Jean

THE CAVE
OF THE
HUGUENOTS;

A TALE OF THE XVIITH. CENTURY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

MADAME LA VISCOMTESSE DE SATGÉ ST. JEAN,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES AND EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL."

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ERRATA.

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|----|----|---|
| 4 | 7 | for "how those vales," read "now through vales." |
| 72 | 5 | for "when tied by this vile chain of sin," read "when tied and bound
by this vile chain of sin." |
| 72 | 11 | for "no fruit nor leaf," read "nor fruit nor leaf." |



Engraved by H. H. H. H.

From the sketch by Mr. H. H. H.

Valley and Town of the Has d'Arde.

THE CAVE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

TALE OF THE XVIITH CENTURY.

THE mists of morn still hang o'er that lone vale,*
Where through an aperture remote, yet pierced
By Nature's cunning hand with giant portal,
Through th' opposing rock the silvery Riese
Has forced its onward course—'mid caverns wild
And high o'erarched domes, whose deep'ning gloom
The torch's glare scarce fathoms—on it flows,
In hollow converse with this drear sojourn.
Now bounding o'er the rough impeding rocks
In angry foam, now gliding as by stealth,
In dim perspective 'mid those vaulted aisles,
Where print of human foot hath rarely been.—

* The valley of the Riese, near the Mas d'Asil, in the Arriege Pyrenees.

To such retreat oppression's iron hand
Had driven the remnant of that scatter'd flock,
That apostolic church, whose clearer light
From its great Fountain pure reflected, made
The early martyrs of our glorious Faith.

Swift o'er the land with unrelenting rage,
Richelieu, thy sanguinary orders flew,
With sword and flame*—the frightful carnage ran
In one deep stream of blood—hut, tow'r, and town,
The hamlet and the hall, alike are razed.—
The young and old, the wealthy and the poor,
Rack'd, torn, and tortured, or with *gentler* stroke
Confided to the Inquisition's power.†
The sire and grandsire, circled by a band
Of roseate innocence and manly worth,

* At the epoch of these sanguinary wars in France during the reign of Louis 13th, the Maréchal Themines was sent by Richelieu to exterminate with fire and sword the Protestants of the county of Foix.

† We find accounts of the victims being suspended by the hair, or by the feet, and nearly suffocated by damp straw being burned in the places where they were tied up.—The hairs of their head

Fell'd like the goodly cedars of the east ;
 The matron with her infant at her breast,
 (Clasping in agony the reeking sword
 Impending o'er her babes) implores in vain !

* * * * *

Young Flowers of Martyrdom ! methinks I see
 (While many a Rachel weeps throughout the land)
 O'er your bright heads a heavenly vision bend !
 That cherub host whom Herod's bloody grasp
 Unpitying, sever'd from the parent stem,
 (First-gather'd snowdrops of the Christian spring,
 And earliest martyrs to their infant Lord.)

and beard were plucked out, they were plunged repeatedly into deep water, and drawn out by a rope fastened under their arms, only in time to prevent their being drowned. Sometimes an unfortunate creature was drenched with wine by means of a funnel, and while intoxicated taken to Church, where his presence was deemed equivalent to abjuration. A similar method was adopted with individuals overcome with bodily pain. In some cases, the Huguenots were prevented from sleeping for an entire week, by sentinels continually rousing them, and when any Protestant was confined to his bed by illness, a dozen drummers were sent to beat under his window without intermission, until the sick man promised to be converted—with a long catalogue of other diabolical suggestions for subduing the firmness of the Protestants.—BURNET, vol. i. page 393.

Metlinks I see them now, on angel wings,
Hovering around you, sporting with the crowns
And the eternal palms they tend you from above !

Let History's weeping muse her pen resign
As she beholds in Truth's stern tablets traced
Those lines of blood that here her page pollute,
And blush while she beholds them. How those vales
Where innocence in calm seclusion dwelt,
The frightful war-cry rang—'tis desolation all—
When, lo ! a refuge oped by Nature's hand
Receives the fugitives—A spacious cave,
Well known to all the neighbouring vallies round,*
A natural fortress, doubly fortified
By *her* the blest protector of their Faith,†

* This magnificent natural gallery, through which the river Riese has forced itself a passage, celebrated throughout the whole country, under the name of the "Grotto of the Mas," among the Arriege Pyrenees, may be said to be about a quarter of a league in length. At its opening it is upwards of 250 feet in height, and about 150 in width, and in some parts its elevation is even far more considerable.

† The approaches to this fortress of Nature had been happily fortified beforehand by the good Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri



Engraved by H. Johnston

From a drawing by the artist

Entrance to the Cavern of the Illud de Bute

Whose fair renown in mellow'd ray descending,
Seems thro' Time's hazy distance still in sight.
Trembling, they fly their homes, their hopes, their joys,

Quatre. Immense gates of bronze concealed its two principal issues, augmenting at the same time the horror and obscurity of the besieged.—REVUE DU MIDI.

About the centre of the grotto, an enormous natural pillar sustains the weight of this stupendous dome, whose gigantic arch seems to enlarge as one advances towards the interior.

The river flows on the side rebounding over the masses of broken rock which compose its bed with hoarse and noisy impetuosity. On arriving at an angle of the rock both the river and grotto turn suddenly to the right, and from this spot the scene is truly imposing.

On the one hand a large issue, or opening, through which the rays of the sun striking in a thousand different forms and directions amid the gloom of this subterranean solitude, light up the cascades here formed by the Riese foaming over the rocks which obstruct its passage, whilst on the other the eye is carried onwards in dim perspective along the mazes of a dark and gloomy gallery of rocks, amid which a faint glimmering of light visible at its extremity discloses to the eye other lateral corridors branching off here and there, whose recesses are lost in impenetrable darkness.

But this cavern, however striking as a natural curiosity, derives a double interest from its historical associations, and more particularly from the shelter and protection it afforded to the numerous bands of persecuted Protestants, during' the horrible massacre to which they were more than once exposed.

Their comforts all—but with them bear away
Whate'er of home's best treasures may be snatch'd
From threaten'd doom. Decrepid age,
The father and the patriarch revered,
Is borne along in haste by his stout sons ;
The mother's throbbing breast and anxious arms
Are closed around her babes with straining grasp,
Bearing them onward, onward from the shock,
With an untired and supernatural strength !
The maid, whose voice is comfort, lingers yet
Upon an aged mother's faltering step,
And lingering oft will turn with wistful gaze,
With pallid lip, and eye suffused with tears,
To where that little shrine of peace and love,
The home of infancy, yet sleeps secure
'Gainst the grey mountain side—the blue smoke still
Curling in fitful wreaths o'er its dark woods.—

Why turns she still with such a yearning gaze ?
Hold yet those doom'd but consecrated walls
A brother ? or, perchance, to maiden's heart

A name than this dear cherish'd household word
Yet dearer? for all else of earthly love,
Around that form of innocence and truth,
Within that guileless and untutor'd breast,
Is centred in an aged parent's smile ;
While at her side the village Cerberus,
A noble animal of aspect dread,
Both bold and true, of purest mountain race,
And a fair snow-white lamb—the household pet—
Chosen of many flocks, in mute fidelity
Still follow on her steps—but now—oh, joy!
They come, they come, the truants—to receive
A mother's benediction, and restore
Joy to the joyless, e'en when hope seems fled—
And now amid their bright ungarner'd plains
Of golden grain, their clustering vines unprest,
From all the charms luxuriant Autumn yields
To honest industry, condemn'd to fly.—
By the fair streams, and shadowy forest glades,
And meadow pathways of that golden vale,
They hurry onwards, 'till the giant rocks,

Which seem'd to frown in mockery of their toil,
Burst on their anguish'd sight with portal wide,
Opening a friendly covert from the storm.—

Within their hospitable breast immured
They rally now their strength, their hopes, their aims,
Concentrate all their energies—the rich
Partaking freely with the poor—the strong
Imparting strength—unconquerable youth,
The prop of age—and age with wisdom's voice,
Broken yet bold, raised 'mid the list'ning throng,
In gentle admonition or advice—and now
An aged patriarch tells of wonders past,
Of great deliv'rances, and mercies wrought
By Heaven's avenging arm, when earthly help
Would seem for ever fled.—How in times past,
When flying from oppression's tyrant grasp,
(When bitterest martyrdom remain'd awhile
The Christian's only rest,) within the mazes
Of a lonely wood, seized, stript, and buffeted:
Bound in strong bands to the resistless oak,

He thus was left to perish—when behold,
On his third day of agony, outspent
With hunger and with wretchedness, he spied
A traveller's welcome form—a Catholic,
But “good Samaritan,” with pity moved,
Tho’ at the risk of instant death, cut loose
The cruel bonds which held his tortured frame.
“And who,” the old man cried, “could thus impart
This dew of mercy to the merciless
But *He* the God of mercy? on whose brow
Love sits triumphant ’mid our sorest ills.—

And now amid the gloom a form revered,
The zealous Pastor of a scatter'd flock,
Torn by the rav'nous wolf pursued and driv'n,
O'er Alpine steeps, to where the pine's dark shade
Waves o'er their deep resounding caves afar,)
Moves 'mid the weeping daughters of the land,
With hope and consolation in his step.
“These rocks,” he cries, “which shelter us, may seem
To your oppress'd and sorrow-stricken hearts,

But as the tomb of Hope—but who is *He*
That spiritual *Rock*? who in this weary land
The shadow of that great and sheltering Rock, save *He*
The everlasting God in whom we trust!
He is our rock, our fortress, our defence,
Our strength, our might, our buckler, and our shield,
The horn of our salvation, and our tow'r.
He makes the weak his care, and tho' he hide
For a small moment from their sorrowing eyes
His glorious face, with everlasting love
Will he support and compass them about,
For such his own most comfortable words,
'Come unto me, ye weary and opprest,
Oh! come to me, and I will give you rest!'

Intelligence meanwhile was promptly brought,
From spies without, and hurrying fugitives,
Still pressing onward toward their common home,
(Flying those fears which lend the fleet step
wings,)
Of rapid movements 'mid th' Imperial host,

And gath'ring quick, with desperate design,
To storm the entrance to this last Retreat;
And thus at one terrific blow efface
By numbers, or by stratagem, their hopes,
Their lives, their all, from the green breast of
earth. ~

'Mid subterranean gloom and awful night,
Unseen the glorious light of eve and morn,
Sweet interchange of good, which until now
(Withdrawn) seems scarcely noted to have been,
They gave themselves to pray'r, imploring strength
Undaunted to await the coming storm.
And now anew uniting all their means,
Collecting promptly 'mid their scatter'd bands
Provisions, weapons, arms—they organize
Their forces and their stores, with Heaven's high
aid
Unyielding to sustain the threaten'd siege.

The fatal morn advanced *—eager their spies,

* 12th September, 1635.

Forewarn'd of the approaching army's pace,
Gave note within, by secret openings
Practised in the rock—at earliest dawn
Without the fortress'd issues of the Cave,
The rocky ramparts, turret-like, were crown'd
With helmet, spear, and lance, whose lustre caught
Unwonted glitter from th' uprising sun;
Whilst hid behind the rudely shelving rocks
The out-posts took their stand.—*Within* the Grot
What wilder scene of motion and unrest!
A little world of busy hopes and fears,
Of active zeal, and stern preparative.
The aged on their knees, incapable
Of wielding other arms than those of prayer,
Implored aloud the guardian care of Heaven
For them and for their offspring—Ah! who knows
The “gracious rain” those prayers of aged Faith
Inspired of Heav'n, and to that Heav'n address'd,
Have pour'd in blessings o'er their heritage!
With arms like these Moses with outstretch'd
hands,

Smote Amalek's dread host—by fervent prayer
Elijah raised the dead—and from the heights
Of Carmel's hallow'd mount by prayer drew down
A blessed rain o'er all the thirsty land.—
Pastors with fervent zeal the crowd harangued,
Strength'ning each fainting heart with words of
peace.

Children, unconscious of th' impending storm,
Pleased with their strange and unaccustom'd task,
Were toiling 'midst the rusted armouries
Their little hands had clean'd. Women in tears
Prepared the hasty meal, whose sustenance
Was destin'd to support their partners' strength
Through the dread conflict—(the last aid per-
chance

Of faithful love in this dark vale of woe)
Whilst, all activity, the stronger sex
With eager step were hastening to and fro ;
Some with gigantic force at utmost stretch
Detach huge blocks of granite from their bed,
Rolling them onward to the cavern's mouth.—

Some molten death prepare, or with stern hold
Adjust the pondrous axe—the poignard's point,
Or whet their fearful scythes, destin'd too soon
To reap their harvest o'er a field of blood.—
Amid this stirring and unearthly scene
(Scaring in myriads the dusky bat
From undisturbed repose) the torch's glare
Sent forth its lurid and uncertain light,
Fitfully streaming 'mid the motley groups,
Thus strangely and confusedly employ'd.—

As Memory's bright and evanescent gleam
Lights up the lone recesses of the mind,
Striking with quick and meteoric glance
Each buried image of the sleeping past,
So vividly the *Flambeau's* ruddy glare
Would pierce with mystic touch the ebon veil
Of subterranean gloom, which as a shroud
Withheld from mortal sight that scene of mortal
woe.

Now would it light on infancy and age,

Together nestling from th' impending shock,
Like early flow'rets shrinking from the blast
Of "Herod winter" 'neath the snow flake pure,
Young nature's guardian mantle ;— now disclose
The husband, parent, lover's last adieu—
When the firm step of manhood falters yet,
And his breast heaves beneath the mail'd cuirass,
With deep resolve, o'ercharged with human love—
Now with a Rembrandt's touch the canvass glows,
And as by that magician's hand pourtray'd,
The Cave's dark mystic drapery appears
Peopled with forms and scenes in motley train,
Like the e'er restless ocean—broken particles
Of life's fair porcelain joys, and sweetest
Earthly comforts ! But on *one* group methought
That streaming light dwelt yet with ling'ring touch,
A maiden and her sire it brought to view,
Whose hoary locks fell like the snowy wreaths
O'er Vignale's * Alpine breast, while at his side
Kneeling, that maid bedew'd his wither'd hand

* One of the "*Pics*" of the Pyrenees covered with eternal snow.

With passionate tears, and ever and anon
Her dark and lustrous eyes to his were raised
In supplicating tenderness ; then like
The early rose o'ercharg'd with morning dew,
Bent on her heaving breast, as tho' the soul
Would burst its very springs in their o'erswelling
shower.

Her's was a form of beauty and of light,
Such as the poet in his world of dreams
Would welcome as the day-star.—Dignity,
With love and gentle pity temper'd sweet,
Sat on her queen-like brow—while her attire
Bespoke her noble lineage and descent.—
Her raven tresses o'er a breast of snow,
Fell in luxuriant but neglected bands ;
O'ershadowing partially that forehead fair,
Those features chisell'd as by Grecian art.—
Aline de Montford! thine that weeping form
Of beauty and of worth.—But who may dive
The pearly ocean of that heaving breast,
O'er which the waves of grief now undulate

With such wild swell—who sound the depth that lies
Within the curtain'd shade of those dark drooping
eyes.

Hast thou perchance that glowing heart bestow'd
On one who now thy bitterest foe may prove ?
Young, bold, and ardent, and of noble race,
But hostile to thy persecuted creed,
Whose daring spirit may too reckless prove ?
The rash unsparing instrument of death
To all thine honour'd race,—and on this morn,
This rayless morn, perhaps, of parting love,
When the unsounded gulphs of human woe
Burst forth as mountain torrents, from the depths
Of some o'erswelling lake ;—hast thou, poor maid,
To thy lorn parent's aching heart disclosed
Thy spirit's fearful strife ? Still *holier* trust
Be thine, young Aline, at this awful hour,
Than the poor broken reeds of earthly love !
Oh ! trust in *Him*, and cling to *Him* alone,
Whose everlasting arms shall bear thee up
Amid th' o'erwhelming floods, and storm-tost waves.

If *He* thy spirit touch, thou yet may'st feel,
E'en in the bitt'rest hour of nature's strife,
Amid the wreck of all thy cherish'd joys,
A peaceful calm—a sweet and holy trust
Fall on thy spirit with sustaining ray,
The Sabbath dawn of life's eternal day !

Meanwhile the royal troops in stern array,
Advance in order up the river's banks :—
First march the gallant men of Ventadour,
New disciplin'd—next the artillery,
Those fearful tubes that breathe forth orbs of death,
Whose cumbrous wheels, impeded by the rocks
And stony fragments of th' unbeaten track,
Drag wearily along with thundering sound,
Waking each mountain echo from its lair ;—
Then come two plumed chieftains, sons of fame,
The Count de Carmaing, and the brave Bellerive,
Leading a troop with helm and spear opprest—
And now their warlike Maréshal himself,
The fearful Thémînes with his trampling horse,

And at his side (choice flowers of chivalry
And gentle birth) his youthful favourites
De Melville, Ranzy, d'Hounous, and d'Hauterive.
As thousand follows thousand six times told,
They tread with slow and difficult ascent
The tortuous mountain side—their casques, cuirass,
And haldiberts of steel, with glitt'ring pomp
Glancing in proud array, extending far
Like a long waving serpent, whose bright scales
Shine proudly, basking in the mid-day sun.

Sudden the thronging masses make a halt,
The Marshal with his chosen cavaliers
Press to the foremost rank, in haste to learn
Where crouch'd the hunted enemy may lie ;
In prompt obedience the seneschal
In silence pointed to the cavern's mouth.

“Soldiers and friends,” their leader cries, “advance,
This refuge of the Huguenots is strong.
What then? Shall your impatient zeal relax,

Or obstacle impede, when high behest
Of king and holy church has call'd us forth ?
Amid these far stretch'd Pyrenean heights,
This, their *last hold*, must bravely be destroy'd,
Cost what it will of valour and of blood !
Champions of Languedoc, by Ranzy led,
Wind stealthily around the mountain's brink,
And storm the cavern on th' opposing side.
You, brave de Carmaing, roll th' insatiate mouths
Within the river's bed ;—the death-storm beat
Against the bristling bulwarks of the Cave,
Whilst numbers keep aloof in form compact
To watch the ergess from the neighbouring town.
You, Count de Cornusson, keep firm your post,
'Till our ranks triumph, and the breach be won ;
Then make a prompt and vigorous assault
With your brave men—my arms shall second
yours ;—
Now spring to earth and leave your gallant steeds,
Let each right hand his sounding weapon grasp,"
“ And now ” he cried, unsheathing his bright sword,

“ For God and for our Holy Mother Church,
Death—nought but *death*—to these curs’d Heretics.”
Promptly their leader’s orders were obey’d;
With all a youthful favourite’s caprice,
The young and ardent Melville sues alone
From his consenting chief one wayward boon,—
Permission to retain his favourite steed ;
(A Spanish Jennet of the purest race ;)
And thus caparison’d to pass the breach,
And dauntless leap into the Cavern’s mouth.

The Huguenots meanwhile invisible,
Wrapp’d in the gloom of an unbroken night,
Continu’d in this peopled sepulchre
Their active preparations for defence.
All was prepar’d.—Their minister and chief,
Descended slowly ’mid the list’ning crowd.
At his command each *flambeau* was extinct,
’Till the last glitter of their glancing arms
Was lost in one profound and chill obscure.
And now a rolling and portentous sound

Like distant thunder shakes the vaulted dome.
As of old ocean's deep and sullen roar
Before the tempest burst forth, or its waves
Lash in wild foam their subterranean caves—
Trembled the ground beneath the armed hoofs
As at an earthquake's shock—they come—they come.
Men—women—children—in one moment all
Bow down the suppliant knee, in mute accord;
Their minister in few and fervent words
Committing them to Heaven's o'erruling care,
Then rising he commenced his brief harangue.

“Christians, be strong—we know in whom we trust—
Let your hearts faint not, neither be oppress'd;
The God who fought for Israel of old
Is still our safeguard and our sure defence.
They tell us that our Adversary's power
Doubles our own in numbers as in strength;
How their broad breast-plates glitter in the sun,—
In fierce display their crested horsemen spur—
Death-laden wheels oppress the shudd'ring earth—

Here are no breastplates save your faithful hearts—
No deadly cannons, but those prompter balls
Which strike the life direct from out the heart;
No sun to light us 'mid the coming storm—
But night—unbroken and eternal night—
No skilful warriors, and no marshall'd ranks
To point with eagle-eye fame's onward road,
No laurell'd chiefs—but God—th' Eternal God!"

As thus he spoke, the cannons' roar without
Answer'd like living thunder thro' the vault—
Above the rampart pass'd the whizzing ball
Striking the Cavern's roof—then with fierce
bound

Detaching from the rock a fragment huge,
Hiss'd with spent fury on the wave, and sank.
"Christians ! arise," exclaim'd the zealous chief,
"And may the God of battles be your aid."
In silence they obey'd—all took their stand,
A slight brisk clinking of their arms was heard
As each retired within his destin'd post;
Then all again was silence and repose.

Like Stalagmites within their parent grot,
Erect and motionless their army stood.

And now the heated orbs of death ply fast
Their fearful ravage 'gainst the Cavern's mouth
Re-echoing thro' the solitary vales
With awful bound—as tho' the beetling cliffs
Were answering as in mockery of the strife.
Ere long a massive fragment of the wall,
Roll'd its huge ruin in the river's bed,
The breach was soon enlarged—the entrance won.
De Carmaing, watching with an eagle gaze,
Gives instant signal to the impatient host—
De Melville dash'd his war-horse in the stream,
And, sword in hand, is follow'd by his men,
Supported by thy far famed sons, Toulouse.
Meanwhile within the Cavern, silence deep—
Plunged in inexplicable stupor seem'd
The trembling inmates of that gloomy cave ;
But at the moment when th' invading host
Rush'd thro' the riv'n rock, a solemn chaunt

Broke suddenly on the awaken'd ear,
And thrice one thousand pealing voices rose
In sadden'd chorus to th' eternal throne.
An ancient Canticle of simple form,
And simpler melody—which yet sublime
Became, when chaunted in the face of death.

SOLEMN CANTICLE SUNG IN CHORUS
BEFORE THE BATTLE.

ON Jordan's awful verge, O Lord! we stand,
Deep waves of trouble o'er our spirits roll,
Saviour! uphold us with thy powerful hand,
Great God! be thou the anchor of our soul.

Darkly we move along its shadowy brink,
Benighted—fainting—friendless—and opprest—
Saviour! uphold us ere in death we sink,
And lead us onward to our promised Rest.

Fountain of Light! do thou our path illumine,
Dart o'er our souls one bright triumphant ray,
Breathe thro' our hearts amid the fearful gloom,
The morning freshness of eternal day.

Thine arm 's not shorten'd that it cannot save,
Nor thine ear heavy that it cannot hear;
Tho' sunk beneath oppression's rolling wave,
We feel thine everlasting presence near!

We plead thy precious promises, O Lord,
Amid the wrecks of time for ever sure;
Those covenanted blessings of thy word,
Which to eternal ages shall endure.

Then strengthen, Lord, each fainting, doubting heart!
Clothe us with might—with armour all divine;
To our dread foes thy Spirit's beam impart,
That like a second Saul their chief may shine.

Forgive them, Lord! they know not what they do,
For *His* blest name who taught us to forgive—
Blot out their cruelties as morning dew,
Oh! let their darken'd souls believe and live!

Th' assailants paused—e'en 'mid the list'ning crowd,
The bold and reckless Melville stood aloof,
Seized with a thrill of supernatural awe.
The sacred harmony, distinct and clear,
Full of religious grandeur and repose,
Swell'd by the falling river's ceaseless roar
And the lone echoes of the mountain caves,
Yet soften'd by the hallow'd melody
Of pious voices borne on viewless wings
To heaven's high altar, might in truth have seem'd
The echo of a supernatural choir.
No living form—no keenly meeting gaze,
Was visible amid th' absorbing gloom,
No din of battle, and no crash of arms,

But from the lone recesses of the Cave
Stream'd mystic melody and words of peace,
As 't were the harmony of seraph souls
Before the throne of the Eternal Judge.

Short the suspense! the chieftain's words were
prompt,
And prompter the reply.—The chosen men
Of Ventadour now rush'd into the Cave,
Met by a shower of balls, whose well-aim'd shock
O'erthrow their foremost and best chosen ranks,
Forcing their falt'ring comrades to withdraw—
Thrice the Toulousian troop renew'd the charge—
And thrice were they repulsed with fearful loss
By their invisible and dauntless foes;
With rage transported, proud de Melville view'd
His ranks o'erthrown—his buoyant hopes repress—
Quick started to the spur his princely steed
As on he urg'd him with his sword's keen point.
Furious, the noble animal erect,

With bleeding flanks and mane dischevel'd, leap'd
The fallen ramparts—then with his rider
Onward dash'd into the Cavern.—D'Hounous,
De Ranzy, d'Hauterive, and the youthful flower
Of that bright army leading on their troop
With cries of wild huzza.—“Soldiers! strike home!
No mercy—none—to heretics like these!”

Now came the closing shock, and terrible
'Mid such a battle field—that fearful fight—
What pen can paint its horrors or its blood!
Cavern'd—yet living as in Death's dark night—
Nor space nor air for motion or for breath—
Pent up by thousands—'gainst each other wedged,
Or reeling furious on a foe unseen.

The Huguenots, whose vision was inured
To subterranean gloom and filmy night,
Possess'd one blest advantage o'er their foes,
Right trusty too their arms—each wielding those

To which his calling and long practised skill
Had best affix'd his bold and sinewy arm ;
The Rock their rear-guard and unyielding stay,
The mowers plied their circling scythes of death
Amid th' imperial host, cutting them down
Like "grass that perisheth."—The wood'smen
bold,

Descending from the neighbouring mountain heights,
Amid their dark pine forests train'd to wield
The pondrous axe—fell'd with unflinching stroke
Th' athletic Catholics, like forest trees—
Shepherds and labourers, with their crooks and
spikes,

Arm'd as the deadly Cossack's barbed spear,
Plunged their dread points 'mid those who closer
press'd.

Others, well arm'd, struck to the right and left
With halbert, spear, and lance—whilst their brave
sons

Young hunters of the Pyrenees—inured
To grapple with the savage mountain bear,

Seized fast in combat close their struggling foe
And bathed in human gore their stunted blade.—
The bold besiegers now, with fury fraught
And unexampled zeal, sustain'd the fight ;
In sullen silence fell each mortal stroke—
'Till flow'd a guilty stream of reeking blood,
In swelling currents o'er th' unequal soil ;
The dying and the dead, unheeded now,
Were crush'd beneath the combatants, or roll'd
With fearful splash into the river's bed.
The evanescent light of pistol shots,
With momentary flash, illumed this scene
Of bloodshed and of woe ;—each rock became
A fortress, to be storm'd by human force ;
Their brave defenders but resign'd their post
When th' all-powerful hand of sudden death
Invincible, weigh'd down their arms, and conquer'd
The unconquerable. Each kept in death
The post he held while combating for life.
To consummate the horrors of the scene,

The heavens grew dark—mysteriously obscured
By dense and threat'ning clouds—e'en the bright
sun

In terror wrapt, seem'd to withdraw his light
From this foul scene of carnage.—Stormy rays
Stream'd mournfully within the Cavern's mouth,
Throwing their sickly and unearthly glow
Around this sombre theatre of death ;
And now the tempest broke forth—furious
The wind, pent 'mid the mountain cavities,
Rush'd wild, like maniac uncontrolled ;
The rain came down in torrents, whilst deep night
Drew thick and closer round her funeral pall—
But the wild fury of misguided man
Abated not. Midway within the Cave
The rushing stream divides—where the vast dome
Expanding, throws its spacious arch on high—
There, the great Architect has raised aloft
A giant pillar which sustains the whole.
To this mid column, the assailants now
With slow but steady progress had arrived ;



Engraved by B. Harrison

Scenery from Nature by J. G. Thompson

Natural Pillar in the centre of the Larn.



Elated with the newly kindled hope
Of coming victory, de Melville rush'd
(His noble war-horse wounded at all points)
Within the closest ranks of the besieged.
When, lo ! above, a spectral voice is heard,
“ Let loose the cords, and Heav'n will lend us aid :”
Instant, at these strange words, an awful mass
Of solid rock o'erhanging the 'mid vault,
Fell in with thund'ring crash ;—at one dire sweep,
In one brief moment, quenching life's fierce fire
Within a hundred bosoms of Toulouse !
The momentary clash of broken arms
Resounded thro' the vault, and purple streams
Of human blood gush'd forth from every pore.
The Catholics, with sudden stupor seized,
Pause for awhile—immoveable—inert—
But ere the Huguenots could onward rush,
And press their triumph o'er the awe-struck foe,
Cries of wild joy from the assailants rang
In broken clamour thro' the rocky aisles ;
De Ranzy, with his troop untired—untried,

Had forced th' opposing entrance to the Cave :
'Twas now, driv'n back—surrounded right and left,
Charged with relentless fury uncontroll'd,
And unremitting rage, the brave besieged
Beheld their new-blown hopes at once expire—
'Twas now in dire extremity they felt
Their trust reposed not in an arm of flesh !

Meantime, de Melville, like a demon raised
From out th' infernal host, rush'd 'mid their ranks
Once more with hope inflamed—short lived that
hope—

A ball hath struck that forehead proud—he reels—
And headlong rolls with his brave steed beneath
Th' avenging wave, with deep and awful plunge.

But, lo ! he struggles—rises—and now clings
With desperate grasp to the opposing rock ;—
But whence that thrilling shriek, a moment heard
Amid the dim of arms ? Whence that ideal form
Of maiden beauty, wildly rushing on
From the dim Cavern's innermost recess ?

That with the fleetness of a mountain fawn
Track'd by the hunter, reckless of her fate,
Now leaps the swelling wave with desperate bound,
And gains that rocky islet 'mid the stream,
Where the proud Melville, as the eagle struck
By fowler's hand,—all pierced and bleeding lies.
Wildly he gazed on that angelic form ;
“ Is it a dream that I behold *thee* here,
My Aline—*thee*, pent with the common herd
For slaughter? Or dost thou visit me, blest shade !
In angel form at this my parting hour
To shed one ray of hope—one soft'ning ray
Around my anguish'd brow? Speak, Aline ! speak !
They told me thou wert safe—safe from the hand
Of violence, within a father's arms.
Thy home of youth—that venerable pile,
Held sacred from the rude destroyer's hand
At my behest. In such faith was I blest.”
“ Melville,” she answer'd, “ in a father's arms
I rest me still, e'en in this living tomb ;
But *now* I come to seek thy spirit's weal,

Ere it take wing beyond the narrow bounds
Of time.—Hov'ring beside the fatal brink
We stand—moments are precious, for, alas !
I see thy strength depart.—My God ! my God !
Must I *thus* gaze, without the pow'r to save !
If life be precious, Oh ! how precious then
That life beyond the tomb !—Eternal life !
Thou clingest firmly, Oh ! how firmly now
To thy last earthly stay—this wave-worn rock.
Together let us cling in this dark hour,
Oh ! Melville, and together cast our *all*
On that sole ' Rock of Ages '—Christ the Lord !
E'en at this hour there's mercy in that name,
And virtue in each drop of His most precious blood."

One instant more, and sudden as she spoke
Th' o'erwhelming stream resistless struck the rock
To which they clung, (thus awfully o'erswell'd
By the wild tempest ;) o'er its foaming breast,
Lifted above the dark tumultuous waves,
Those bright but blighted forms were onward borne,

Amid the awful and impetuous strife
In fearful ebullitions—never more
To bless the longing eyes of aged love,
Or smooth its exit from this vale of tears.

Hoarse sounds now burst upon the startled ear,
The Cave became a mass of smoke and fire,
And 'mid that dense and suffocating cloud
The voices of their chiefs came loud and quick,
Sounding anew the signal for the strife ;
Deep and more furious raged the awful fight.
Press'd between two attacks, to the besieged
All hope seem'd hopeless—all resistance vain !
Deep cries of terror from the infirm and old,
And women's shrieks from wild despair arise,
Piercingly audible above the shouts
And savage war-cries of th' assailant host.
But at this dreadful crisis interposed
The awful finger of Omnipotence ;—
An unforeseen event, thus visibly
Disposed sublime by Heaven's avenging arm,

Now turn'd the fate of arms.—During the strife
The river, swell'd by the tempestuous rains,
(Fallen in torrents 'mid the neighbouring hills,)
Had burst its narrow bounds,—and at this hour
Fierce floods of turbid waters from without,
Successive rolling thro' the open breach,
Impetuous, onward rush'd amid the gloom,
With frightful fury o'er th' opposing rocks.

In one hour's space, rivers and lakes were form'd
Within the mountain cavities—which now
O'ergorged, in thund'ring torrents pour amain
Their swollen streams on all sides,—sweeping now
With hoarse rapidity their chanell'd path,
Now wildly rushing o'er the giant rock,
They tempt the cat'ract's path, and at one bound
Plunge madly to th' astonish'd depths below.
Some seconds more, and terrible became
The awful waste of waters,—while the storm
Raged with redoubled violence without.
The far off Pyrenees, the hollow gulphs

And mountain caves, reechoed with the strife,
Bellowing with fearful and foreboding sounds—
Heaven join'd its fury, and the earth her groans,
With the fell rage of unrelenting man !
To contemplate this elemental war,
And listen to the water's frightful roar,
One would suppose some mighty mountain lake
Had burst its rocky barriers, and through
This channel sole, discharged its swollen streams
To inundate the peaceful vales below.

With terror seized, th' assailants now beheld
Their sole retreat dash'd from their frantic sight,—
Behind them roll'd the awful mountain waves,
While momentarily fresh floods descending swift,
From the dark cloud-capt hills, rush'd through the
Cave ;

Commingle with the hoarse o'erflowing stream ;
Seizing th' impressive moment, on a rock
'Midst the distracted waters, now appear'd
The minister and chief of the besieged.

“The fountains of the mighty deep,” he cried,
With slow and solemn voice,—“are broken up,
And heaven’s strong windows open’d,—but o’er all,
Safe ’mid the troubled waves shall float unhurt
The ark of God’s beloved,—whilst ’gainst the dark
And threat’ning clouds, in covenantal beam,
Shall rise the rainbow of his promised love !”

Reanimated by their chieftain’s voice,
The Huguenots with renovated zeal
Charged fiercely thro’ th’ invaders’ reeling ranks,
Who, panic-struck, rush’d back in fatal flight ;
In vain the fearful Maréchal himself
Dash’d sword in hand amidst the fugitives
With all the energy of dire despair.
This sombre image of destruction’s pow’r
Had paralyzed their late victorious arms,
While superstitious fears benumb’d their hearts.

The fearful inundation by degrees
Had fill’d the lower entrance to the Cave,

In one dense column thro' the rocky arch
The stream rush'd furious—while from beneath
The bodies of the dying and the dead,
In dark succession, were fast onward roll'd
Amid the billow'y foam.—Th' assailants now
In dire dismay flung down their arms for flight—
Some threw themselves within the raging stream,
And swam for safety—some with desp'rate bound
Leap'd in wild energy from rock to rock,
Falling resistless 'neath the avenging sword
Or levell'd arquebus.—Their baffled chief,
The haughty Thémînes, here among the rest
A fugitive—had outlived all but life—
A life the conqueror's generous pity gave.—

Amid this anguish'd and tumultuous scene
The reunited band of Protestants
Group'd 'long the ledges of the upper grot,
Which circling spread above th' o'erflowing waves,
Now burst forth at the signal of their chief
In one full song of thankfulness to Him,

Their safeguard and their shield, whose arm
Omnipotent, had triumph'd gloriously !

Without the Cave, beside the dying form
Of bold de Carmaing, reassembled now
The scatter'd remnant of the Regal host—
Torn, scarr'd, disshevel'd—drench'd with human gore,
Despoil'd of arms, of ensigns, and of chiefs,
The fugitives arrived.—D'Hounous and d'Hauterive,
Mortally wounded, were now borne away
By their surviving friends.—De Cornussan,
Soon as he heard the fearful fate which swept
His gallant son from off the breast of earth,
Melville !—sole hope of his declining years—
In one deep groan gasp'd forth his anguish'd soul !
The Maréchal de Themines sole remain'd
Of all their haughty chiefs to tell the tale
Of their discomfiture. All now retired
In solemn silence, and soon nought was heard
Before the entrance of the lonely Cave,
Save the hoarse murmur of th' o'erflowing waves,

The measured drippings from the rocks above ;
And over all, the pious harmony
Of hymn'd thanksgivings, chaunted from within,
The song of Moses and of Miriam
In sacred cantique raised anew to Heav'n ;
Each drooping fainting heart, in solemn choir,
Commingling with the waters' ceaseless roar,
And covering as with funeral pall
The deep and dying groans of suffering man.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING FROM THE IN-
TERIOR OF THE CAVE AFTER THE
RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.

OH ! sing to Jehovah ! his people are free,
The horse and his rider are hurl'd in the sea :
Oh ! sing to Jehovah ! triumphant in might,
Our song in the battle—our strength in the fight.

Oh ! sing to Jehovah ! all glorious in pow'r,
Our Rock of salvation in danger's dark hour,—
The arm of our strength when all earthly hopes
flee,
Our Saviour—our Refuge—Oh ! who is like Thee ?

The enemy said :—I will rise and pursue,
My hand shall destroy them—my sword shall be-
strew
With their blood, this last refuge ; but Thou in thy
might
Hast aris'n, the day-star, o'er Israel's dark night.

Thou hast sent forth thy wrath—thou hast sent
forth thy pow'r
And consumed as the stubble their army's bright
flow'r ;
With the blast of thy nostrils the waters arose,
And the floods stood erect, in the midst of our
foes.

Thou didst blow with thy winds, and thy lightnings
did flee,

While the depths stood congeal'd in the heart of the
sea ;

Thou hast look'd on their hosts when thine anger
arose,

And terror hath seized on the heart of our foes.

By the might of Thine arm they are still as a stone,
And have left us to worship in trust at thy throne !
Great fear shall take hold on the nations around,
As the deeds of thy might shall in triumph resound.

Oh ! sing to Jehovah ! with timbrel and dance,
He hath sheathed the bright sword—he hath broken
the lance,

He hath led forth in mercy his people oppress'd,
The flock he hath ransom'd, and rescued, and blest.

Then sing to Jehovah ! for ever the same,
The strength of his people in cloud and in flame !

His arm hath sustain'd them, his presence hath blest,
He shall guide them in peace to the land of their
rest !

FINIS.

M I N O R P O E M S

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ON THE FIRST DEPARTURE OF MY
DEAR BOYS FOR SCHOOL.

“The Angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads.”—
Gen. xlviii. 16.

KEEN to a mother's aching heart
The first and fond adieu !
As erst from the maternal nest
Its little wanderers flew.—

No more within our lonely halls
Their joyous notes resound,—
No more a mother's voice recalls
Those breathing forms around !—

No more at evening's dewy hour
Those cherub lips I press,
When, like to eve's first closing flower,
They met my fond caress.—

No more, alas ! the bounding step,
The sweet 'good morn' I hail ;
Launch'd on the world's tempestuous sea,
They spread their infant sail.—

Heaven guide their course, their anchor be !
Their compass, guard, and guide !
Their *guard* amid the swelling sea
When danger threatens wide.—

Their *guide* when winds and waves asleep
Seem but to mock our care,
When hid beneath the slumbering deep
Nor rocks nor shoals appear.—

Then, blessed Lord ! reveal thy love,
Shew them their bosom's chart,
Unfold its treasures—plant them deep
Within their inmost heart !

Take, Lord, the helm ! their course direct,
Appease the threatening gales,
And with thy Spirit's breezes fill
Their light and flowing sails !
Shew them the blessed land afar,
Where tempests never come,
And teach them how each angry wave
But wafts them nearer home !

And as we each approach the coast,
'Mid shoals and breakers driven—
Oh ! land us safe—no dear one lost,
'Till anchor'd safe in Heaven !

TO MY BABE IN HEAVEN.

“ GOD took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untask'd, untried—
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified !

And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.”

Sweet spirit, leave me not !
Leave not my tearful bed,
Tho' soon—how soon ! thy dawn of life
On earliest pinions fled—

Flower of a day, where art thou ?
Where is thy spirit's home ?
Thy little cot was deck'd with care,
Ah ! wherefore art thou flown ?

The cup of life scarce tasted,
Scarce to thy soft lips press'd,
Thou hast refused the bitter draught,
And turn'd thee to thy rest.—

Last of our little family,
Yet first to reach the skies !
How fondly would my chasten'd soul
With thine aspire to rise !

Scarce launch'd on life's rough ocean,
Yet anchor'd safe in port !
How doth my spirit, tempest-tost,
Such homeward breezes court !

Fresh from thy Maker's hand,
All beauteous clay ! thou 'rt flown,
To bask in endless beams of love,
Around thy Saviour's throne.—

Blest spirit ! leave me not !
Sweet hope ! thus early fled,
On viewless wings, oh ! hover yet
Around my lonely bed !

TO MY ELDEST BORN, ON HER BIRTH-
DAY, WITH A WATCH.

LEARN, my dear child, from this your toy,
Your hours more wisely to employ—
And as each moment quickly flies,
To train your talents for the skies !
And when you wind it up at night,
And regulate, and set it right ;

Oh ! watch each movement from within,
Each vain desire, each rising sin—
Be every word and action fraught
With perfect rectitude of thought—
Let *truth* the Regulator be,
And love and sweet simplicity !

Seek earnestly that strengthening grace,
Our guide and guard in every place—
He who hath form'd the youthful mind,
And to *His* truths its thoughts inclined,
Hath told us, “those who seek shall find.”—

And oh ! my child, on this loved day
For one sole gift my heart shall pray—
Thou hast been taught to know its worth,
Brighter than all the gems of earth—
The love of *Him* who died to save,
And rose triumphant from the grave,
Rooted within thine inmost soul,
To guide, to comfort, to controul !

Now in the sweet spring tide of life,
With sunshine and with promise rife,
Remember *Him* whose love is life—
And when that joyous step shall fail,
The rose upon thy cheek grow pale,
When the dark *shades* of life shall be—
That God will then remember Thee.

“ Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.”

Psalm xvii. 5.

WHEN all around is dark and drear,
And clouds announce the tempest near,
Hold up my goings in thy way,
And suffer not my feet to stray.

When through the clouds thy mercy gleams
In sweet and covenantal beams,
Still keep me closely by thy side,
And suffer not my feet to slide.

Should brighter skies around me glow,
With this world's gifts my cup o'erflow,
Then, Lord, be Thou my special guide,
And suffer not my feet to slide.

In cloud and storm, in weal and woe,
Let but *thy* presence with me go,
Close as the shade on my right hand,
'Till joyful in thy courts I stand.—

RECOLLECTIONS WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

Say, hath the violet spent its sweet perfume,
Or the meek primrose lost the pensile bloom
Of by-gone years? Ah! no—'tis *we* are changed.

WHEN from my sofa's pillow'd nook,
I lay aside my friendly book,

And gaze on eve's bright roseate sky,
Watching each soft hue wake and die,
'Tis then at such lone twilight hour
Memory assumes her busy power,
And leads the gaze thro' vista'd years,
To many a hope now dimm'd with tears,
To many a form, and many a tone,
And many a step from this world gone.
Dreams of the past come stealing o'er me,
Loved forms of youth arise before me !
The ramble over hill and dale,
When health came wafted in each gale,
And gave to every youthful cheek
Its envied bloom—its vermeil streak—
What joy to pluck the first spring flower,
From the dear rustic shady bower,
When moss and flowers and seat of stone,
Were rear'd by childish hands alone ;
What joy, when spring's awakening gales
Breathed o'er the woods, and thro' the vales,

When perfumed breezes soft disclose
Where erst the earliest violet blows.
To range once more each well known glen,
And find the rocky haunts again ;
Where 'mid the long sweet summer hours
We roved in Fancy's fairy bowers :
And wove such dreams of hope the while,
Such visions as the heart beguile,
When spring and youth o'er all things smile,—
Alas ! for years that sped so fast !
Nor spring nor youth were meant to last !
Soon does the world's deceiving wile
Of its best joys the heart beguile,
Leaving too oft the wreck behind
Of all divine which it enshrined—
The firm repose of trusting youth,
Its dread of wrong, its love of truth,
The gushing rapturous joy of heart
That seeks its own deep bliss t' impart
To all—nor thinks a world so fair
Has aught of sorrow, crime, or care.

Oh! could we to the unconscious heart
Our past experience impart!
Or could our own experience prove
The Beacon light to those we love!
Shew them the rocks and treach'rous waves,
Now sleeping bright 'mid ocean caves,
The troubled sea—th' inconstant gale—
Which must their little bark assail;
The hope on hope, like wave on wave,
Bursting, the pebbled beach to lave.

But no—it must not—cannot be—
Th' All-wise shall mark their destiny!—
To crop the lark's aerial wing,
Or crush each opening bud of spring,
Ere yet its sweets are blossoming,
To drown the blackbird's earliest lay,
Or chase the sun's sweet beams away,
Less cruel would such effort be,
Than rob the young heart of its glee,

Or seek to curb th' aspiring mind,
By sight of woes it yet may find—
Far be the telescopic pow'r,
That blights youth's sweet and sunny hour !

* * * * *

There is a pow'r that guards and guides,
Whose love o'er all our life presides,
That pow'r can bid the tempest cease,
And give the heart unchanging peace ;
There is an anchor of the soul,
Stedfast and sure—let billows roll,
And winds and waves their fury pour,
That bark is safe for evermore.—
And 'till that "Anchor Cross" be ours,
Nor manhood's prime, nor youth's sweet hours,
Can screen us from affliction's blast,
Or bring us solid peace at last.
Sweet emblem of the hope we cherish,
(The only hope which ne'er can perish,)
'Mid this dark world's uncertain night,
Oh ! be that *Cross* our guiding light,
'Till hope be lost in blissful sight.

“Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee : because he trusteth in thee.”—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

KEEP me, O Lord, in perfect peace,
And stay my mind on 'Thee—
Dismay'd, discouraged, and opprest,
Ah! whither should I flee?

Such peace our early parents knew
In Eden's blissful shade;
Ere sin within those happy bowers
Its subtle entrance made.

But in a land of sighs and tears,
Strew'd with the wrecks of sin,
Where can we hope our rest to find
Or see our joys begin?

Yet does thy promise rest secure—
Tho' heaven and earth should flee—
Thy peace my God is still reserved
For those who *trust* in thee.

I'll trust—I'll trust that arm of love,
Though waves and billows roar;
I'll tread the wave—I'll cling to Thee,
And *trust* for evermore.

“The Guardian Angel.”—Exodus xxiii. 20.

(*From the German.*)

My Angel, weary not—
When I lie down to sleep,
My head in safety keep;
Spread o'er me thy bright wings,
Chase every evil thought
From night's imaginings;
That with thy presence blest,
Calm, peaceful, and serene my weary soul may rest.

My Angel, weary not—
When I from sleep awake,
And in the strength of *Him*
Who knew nor soil nor sin,
My daily work begin;

Be ever by my side,
To strengthen, guard, and guide;
Thy motions to obey,
And keep my erring feet in wisdom's pleasant way.

My Angel, weary not—
'Mid all my wand'rings wild
Watch o'er thy wayward child!
Thy message from above,
E'en tho' thou lift the rod,
Is pure unmingled love;
Keep then my soul serene,
Its anchor cast on high above life's stormy scene.

My Angel, weary not—
When I must suffering bear,
The garb of sorrow wear,
Wipe with a hand of love
Each teardrop from my cheek—
Point to that home above.
There fix my sorrowing eyes,
'Till Faith with eye serene unbars a vista to the skies!

My Angel, weary not—
When death shall bid me part
From all that chains this heart
To earth's attractive breast;
Rest near the friends I love
With succour from above,
Their guardian spirit be,
When thou hast landed me
Safe on thy bright and blissful shores, Eternity !

ON OPENING MY DEAR ABSENT LITTLE
BOY'S WELL-USED BIBLE, WITH HIS
MARK LEFT IN THE 23RD PSALM.

MAY *He*, my lamb, thy faithful shepherd be—
His tender arms a resting-place for thee !
If thou wilt listen to his gracious voice,
And make his precepts—his commands—thy choice,

'Thou shalt not want—He'll guide th' untravell'd feet
To the green pastures, and the sure retreat ;
And by the still pure waters of his love,
He'll lead thee onward to his fold above !

In paths of righteousness thy steps he'll lead,
Thy soul restore—with heavenly manna feed ;
Goodness and mercy shall thy path attend,
Thy cup o'erflow with blessings to the end.

Yea, tho' thou walkest through the vale of death,
He still is with thee, and his arms beneath
Thy drooping head—no evil shalt thou fear,
Angels attend thee, and thy God is near !

'Tis but the *shade* of death thine eyes shall see,
His rod and staff thy sure support shall be !
Sweet then the thought that *nought* his love can
sever,
'Till thou shalt rise to dwell with Him for ever !

LONGPRÉ.

THE silvery Arriege thro' this fair domain
Hath form'd itself a vale—a lovely vale—
'Mid emerald meadows fringed with feathery trees,
Whence stately woods and softly swelling mounts,
With vineyards, groves, and richest verdure crown'd,
Arise on all sides—and the far off swell
Of everlasting hills attract the gaze ;
Now wandering o'er their blue and shadowy tops,
'Till it repose in rapture on the soft
And snow-clad line of Pyrenean mounts,
Tow'ring majestic 'gainst the unruffled Heaven.
Now home return'd, the roving eye alights
'Mid nearer hills, in whose sequester'd vales
The hamlets nestle, and at evening hour
When lengthening shades in mystic silence meet,
And mingling groups of lowing herds repair
To homeward rest.—When the “ o'er labour'd steer ”
Pursues its well-known track to the still waters ;

And nought beside the river's ceaseless flow
Is heard melodious o'er its stony bed,
Then in wild harmony distinct and clear,
Floats o'er the vale the deep-toned Angelus
Tuning the mind to peace,—the soul to praise ;
'Tis then, sweet Longpré ! at such balmy hour,
When the soft moon has gain'd thy cloister'd shades,
Thy arched alleys, and thy twilight groves,
Where sylvan pillars far extending throw
The graceful arch on high ; their giant arms
Knotted and curved, yet thickly interlaced
In richest tracery 'gainst the summer Heav'n.
All glorious temples ! in your leafy pride,
Worthy the consecrated groves of old ;—
Yet solemn as the dim and vaulted dome,
Where the full Anthem and the deep Amen,
Swelling in thrilling pomp its fretted aisles,
Lingers and dies around its sacred walls.
Below—(meet emblem of this checker'd scene)
Sunshine and shade, like wanton boys at play,
Sporting untiringly thy leaves among,

Dance o'er the shadows thrown across my path,
Where antique trunks in solemn line repose
Like shades of years gone by.—Oh ! be it mine
With step demure and thoughts “ commercing high,”
To tread serene thy cool sequester'd glades,
“ Far from the madd'ning world's ignoble strife ;”
While cherub Hope, and Peace on haleyon wing,
Celestial visitants ! my steps attend,
Opening soft vistas in the dreariest wood,
And hovering o'er the troubled scenes of Time,
Like moonlight on the still and shadowy deep,
That gilds the homeward bark, else lost to sight,
And fondly lingers on its destin'd home.

WHERE IS HOME ?

Suggested by the question of a little child.

“ There is a spot on earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter, spot than all the rest ;
In every clime the magnet of the soul,
‘ Touch’d by remembrance, trembles to that pole.”

Oh ! say my dear ones, thus condemn’d to roam
From clime to clime—o’er mountain, plain, and sea ;
Where is that green, that sacred spot call’d *home*,
That *there* I turn my weary wing to flee.

Tell me, sweet prattlers, where, ah ! where is home ?
Love’s safest anchorage beneath the skies ;
The still pure spring from whence our pleasures
 come,
Th’ untravell’d spirit’s earthly paradise.

Sole rest of Hope, where oft she will alight,
And fold awhile her bright and sunny wing ;
Steeping the future in a dream so bright,
The heart would fain know no awakening.

Yet no—my children, *home* is not below,
Strangers and pilgrims on a foreign strand ;
Home in a world like this we may not know,
Whilst journeying onward to a fairer land.

Faint emblem of that home we seek above,
Let but the name draw all our thoughts to thee,
Set our affections on the things above,
That where our treasure is, our heart may be.

“ Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.”—Mark ix. 24.

WHEN o'er my breast the clouds of sorrow steal,
And scarcely thy supporting hand I feel ;
Help me to cry amid each present grief,
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief !

When the dim future veil'd in gloom appears,
Our onward path obscured with doubts and fears ;
This prayer of faith shall bring me sure relief,
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief !

When tied by this vile chain of sin
I feel all dark, all comfortless within ;
Help me to say, of sinners tho' the chief,
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief !

Help me to see Thy hand—to feel Thy love,
Pointing amid the glooms to worlds above ;
Still tho' the fig-tree show no fruit nor leaf,
Lord, I'll believe, help Thou mine unbelief !

Isaiah lv. 1.

GUIDE me, oh ! thou great Eternal,
Where the Fount of Hope is found,
To those banks for ever vernal,
Where the rills of peace abound—
Flowing free to all around.

That peace which passeth understanding,
Such as this world cannot give ;
On the Rock of Ages standing,—
From that Rock whose streams revive,
Drink, my thirsty soul, and live !

That hope which maketh not ashamed,
'Mid sorrow, trouble, and distress,—
The Christian's hope—his anchor famed,—
The day-star 'mid life's wilderness,
Beaming our weary souls to bliss !

Unpurchased blessings ! rise, oh ! rise,
And haste ye to the living streams,
All ye that thirst ;—the glorious prize,
The stricken rock before you gleams,
Drink of its soul-reviving streams !

SONNET WRITTEN ON THE RHINE DURING A PAINFUL VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

Flow on, thou rapid and majestic stream !
Thou bear'st no wrinkle on thy azure breast,
Th' furrowing barks pass o'er thee, yet serene
Thy ruffled wave returneth to its rest.—
Flow on, bright stream ! and teach the bleeding heart,
Furrow'd and cleft by many a passing keel,
Condemn'd in sorrow and in tears to part,
'Mid sever'd ties grief's iron hand to feel.
Teach this sad heart a lesson from above,
Like thy torn wave to reunite in love,
And onward, onward, towards the bright blue sea,
With widening current and more deepening flow
The world, like thy soft banks, receding slow,
Launch on thy ocean wave Eternity !

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION ON THE DAY
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“Father, I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most lov’d !
Thy blessings, Father ! shower.
Father of mercies ! round her precious head,
On her lone walks and on her thoughtful hour
Blessings be shed !”

MRS. HEMANS.

I saw thy form in robes of snowy white
Move thro’ the sacred aisle, with timid step,
And drooping lids, that scarce retain’d the tear
Of undefined emotion.—’Mid the crowd
My fond gaze linger’d, ’till I saw thee kneel
Beside the sacred shrine, ’mid fair young heads
In meek devotion bow’d and deep humility,
As flowers beneath the farewell gaze of Eve—
A mellow’d ray from oriel lattice streaming,

Falls on that lovely group, as 'twere the smile
Of angel guests attendant on such rite.—

And now hast thou pronounced the solemn vow—
And giv'n thyself to *Him*, whose wings of love
Shall close around thy path with sheltering stay,
And shield thy opening years!—ah! what on earth
So lovely, as the young, th' unshackled,
Undivided heart, that gives itself to God!
Its hopes, its talents, and its feelings all,
Outpour'd in trustful meekness at His feet!

And now, with venerable hands upraised
The Prelate's solemn voice pours forth the prayer—
“Defend, Oh! Gracious Father, this thy Child,
With Heavenly grace—that thro' the devious paths
Of this ensnaring world, she may continue Thine—
Thine—Thine for ever! and in thy Holy Spirit
Evermore increase—'till, thro' a Saviour's love,
She come to Thine eternal courts above!”

Deep the *Amen* a mother's heart responds
To such a prayer ! Oh ! may its faltering notes
Borne by a Saviour's mediatorial love
Reach but his mercy-seat !—in blessings then
Shall it descend upon thy gentle head,
Rich in fruition !—treasured sure in heav'n,
“ Where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves
Break thro' and steal.” Yet from such well-spring
pure,
Ever distill'd within the thirsty heart,
As dew of Hermon on the drooping flower,
Till at the fount we drink, and need its streams
no more !

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